"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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THE REV. ROBERT BROOK ASPLAND, M.A.

IT was in the middle of a severe winter, now many years ago, we met Mr. Aspland at the grave-side of a very dear and mutual friend. Mr. Aspland had travelled not much under three hundred miles at that inclement season, during a snow storm and a very bitter cold, to perform the last religious rites over an old and respected companion, and to speak a word of comfort to the sorrowing widow and children of a faithful pastor and eloquent preacher; and again, in the middle of last winter, we met Mr. Aspland at the grave of another old religious associate and Unitarian minister, that he might testify his respect to departed worth, and speak of the hope of another world to a sorrowing congregation, and to the widow and family of one who had been very suddenly taken away. And now we drop our tears over the remains of him we can so badly spare, and one who never thought any journey too long, nor any task too hard which sympathy, or friendship, or religion dictated. The Unitarian Associations, and our churches throughout the world, have lost a leading mind, a brave, pure-hearted, and scholarly man, to whose memory we can never be sufficiently grateful. Many a one outside the pale of his own pastorate and church has found in him, in the hour of sickness and need, a wise, a kind, and a pious visitor. But he had the most tender affection for all those who were enlisted in the cause of the Unitarian faith, who stood identified in any measure with our religious movement, which he himself loved with all the sincerity and affection of a child and the strength and wisdom of a man. To no one are the Unitarians of Great Britain more indebted for a long, faithful, and constant vindication of our position and success than to him. He faithfully devoted the strength of his primest years, the whole energy and zeal of his intelligent manhood, and the advantages of his position, to promote and sustain our doctrines, and all the interests of our Church. Of late years he had a constant and deep anxiety that our ministers and congregations should not drift away, in the midst of a prevalent scepticism about divine revelation, from the Christianity of Christ, the religion of the Gospel which bears the stamp of God's approval and the impress of the marvellously inspired and miraculous life of our Redeemer. He had no fear of the ultimate triumph of the religion of Christ, but he had some fear, through an irreverent way of handling divine things, our section of the Christian Church might forsake the TRUE VINE, and become at last as a withered branch.

At the last anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, a few weeks before his death, the popularity of the gathering, the prospects of the Association, the perfect unanimity which distinguished this year's deliberations, and the liberal support received by the Association, he felt as no small recompense for the toils of many years, which filled his heart with a gratitude to God he failed in his attempts even in private to express. The wise and constant interest he took in promoting our views has for ever associated the name of Aspland with the foremost movement of our age—the reformation of the Christian Church. For upwards of half a century his father and he conducted our leading organ; and now how much more devolves upon those who are left to sustain and extend the interests which Mr. Aspland so well served.

The secret of the power of Mr. Aspland's life may possibly not be traced to any one particular virtue, but a combination of estimable qualities. One of the most suc-

cessful traits of human character he pre-eminently possessed—that is, straightforwardness, simplicity: his eye was single, therefore his whole body was full of light. Incapable of deception, he approached the object at which he aimed by no spiral route. He appeared to know well what a scientific writer says of nature's forces, "that they all act in straight lines," for whatever rounded beauty or finished gracefulness we may anywhere in the fields of nature discover, are all the results of direct action. Mr. Aspland, like a true man, spoke with the greatest clearness, lived among us with a happy frankness. He had singleness of aim and transparency of character, which made him a safe leader and an eminently successful manager of the business affairs of more than one society. He never aimed at brilliancy, or to rise above us, as he might have done with the variety, solidity, and exactness of his knowledge. He lived among us on our level, illustrating a character and life we could understand and appreciate, dispositions and feelings we might fairly try to imitate. And he has left behind a foot-print of patient, faithful effort we can aim to follow—a life not simply a source of intense admiration, but a fair pattern which we must struggle to attain. His industry was great, his sense of justice, which keeps erect the edifice of life, was strong; his insight of human character was wonderful, for he was seldom wrong in his estimate of men; his judgment was the evidence of a morally sensitive nature, a pure heart, and vast intelligence; his faith in God was profound; and the top of his ambition was to be nothing more than a humble and loving disciple of Jesus Christ. Into whatever society Mr. Aspland entered he always left behind the most pleasing recollections, which are to be found over all the country among our churches, of a man of high attainments and genuine goodness. How well it is that a living memory, the best monument, can be left by a sincere man here, there, and everywhere, to guide, and cheer, and bless. All who had the privilege to meet with him in his own home, among his family and friends, can bear witness how happy he was there, and how his friendship and joy shed their fragrance all around. And now he is gone, gone from us for a moment, taken away in the midst of his life-loved labours at a time when his zeal for the cause of Christian truth had not one jot abated. He had felt for some time that years were upon him, more from the frailties of his body than from any signs of mental decay. He had lived to see a notable change in the attitude of distinguished divines everywhere towards the Unitarian theology, and felt himself on the eve of another great reformation. He had laboured well, with ready pen and eloquent tongue, as one of Christ's chief workmen, for upwards of forty years, for this harvest of good. He was suddenly taken from us, not unwilling to live nor afraid to die, for he had fought a good fight, and kept the faith.

"His body with his charge laid down,
And ceased at once to work and live."

THE CHILD OF JAMES MELVILLE.

[THE following touching poem was written by Mrs. A. Stuart Menteath, and author of "Lays of the Kirk and Covenant." It commemorates the death of James Melville's child, which occurred in Scotland nearly three hundred years ago. In Melville's "Autobiography," in the place where he narrates the circumstances of his child's death, he says:—"This page, if thou be a pater (father) that reads it, thou wilt apardone me; if nocht, suspend thy censure till thou be a father, as said the grave Lacedæmonian Agesilaus."]

One time my soul was pierced as with a sword—
Contending still with men untaught and wild—
When He who to the Prophet lent His gourd,
Gave me the solace of a pleasant child.

A summer gift—my precious flower was given—
A very sunny fragrance was its life;
Its clear eye soothed me as the blue of heaven,
When home I turned—a weary man of strife!

With unformed laughter—musically sweet—
How soon the wakening babe would meet my kiss,
With outstretched arms, its care-wrought father greet—
Oh! in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart—
A few short months!—else toilsome all and sad;
But that home solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad.

Alas! my pretty bud—scarce formed, was dying—
(The Prophet's gourd) it withered in a night!)
And He who gave all—my heart's pulse trying—
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely culled—not suddenly it perished—
But gradual faded from our love away!
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld—and day by day!

My blessed Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for His own—
So beautiful He made my babe's declining—
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done!

And daily to my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower! bade his mother living,
That we might commune of our rest in heaven,
Gazing the while on death—without its sting!

And of the ransom for that baby paid—
So very sweet at times our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made—
Our little lamb by God's own Lamb redeemed!

There were two milk-white doves, my wife had nourished,
And I, too, loved, erewhile at times to stand,
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand!

So tame they grew that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noon-tide rest;
And to the murmurs of his replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast!

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping.
So fondly guardianed by those creatures mild—
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes keeping—
Wondrous the love betwixt the birds and child!

Still as he sickened seemed the doves, too, divining—
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play—
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away!

His mother found it when she rose sad-hearted
At early dawn—with sense of nearing ill;
And when at last the little spirit parted,
The dove died too—as if of its heart's chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo—
To my dead child—and its dead mate, then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too!

'Twas my first "hansel" and "propine" to heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod—
Precious his comforts—once an infant given—
And offered with two turtle doves to God!

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"PLEASE help me about this sum, sister Ellen, and then I'll not trouble you again to-night. I've tried it over and over again, but it isn't right after all." And little Charley Stanley put his hand to his head, as if he had thought so long upon his puzzling sum as to make his head ache.

"Oh dear! Charley, I'm sure I've shown you how to do every one of the sums in your lesson already, and I want to finish this story."

"Ellen!" said Mrs. Stanley in surprise, "I am very sorry you should allow yourself to speak so unkindly to your little brother."

"Charley, my son, you may come to me; I will assist you, if your sister is unwilling to do so."

"Thank you, thank you, mamma;" and Charley's eye sparkled with pleasure as he brought his slate to his mother. "When this sum is done my lesson is all ready for to-morrow; and papa said I might go to grandpa's to-morrow afternoon if my lessons are perfectly learned. Ellen has shown me three, and you one, and I have seven all alone; but this one I cannot get right."

"Very well for a little boy of eight, but I hope soon to see you try to conquer all difficulties alone. Here, my son, is your mistake, in adding this column of figures; look it over and add it carefully, and when that is done the sum will be right.

Charley, thus encouraged, went again over the sum, discovered and corrected the mistake, then laid away his slate and books with the self-satisfied feeling we may all enjoy when we have patiently and faithfully performed every known duty.

"O mother," said Charley, "I feel as though you had lifted a great weight from me, and now I can rise up as light as a feather," and he sprang across the room several times like a young deer.

"Your lessons were a burden, my son, this evening, because you were tired; at another time when you are well you would not feel so. I only obeyed the law of love in assisting you."

"Law of love, mother? I do not know what you mean."

"I mean that law which makes it our duty to help each other at all times and in all places, as we have opportunity. But

you wish to rise early to-morrow, Charley; I think you had better go to bed now."

With a light, happy heart, and an affectionate kiss upon his mother's lips, he left the room, not daring to say good-night to Ellen, fearing another cross look or word if he should disturb her.

He had scarcely closed the door when Ellen threw down the book exclaiming: "There, I have finished the story, and it is not much after all."

"And to read that story which you care so little about you threw away one of earth's greatest pleasures," said Mrs. Stanley, seriously.

Ellen looked at her mother very earnestly a few moments and said, "I do not know what you mean, mother!"

"I mean the pleasure of doing good, of bearing another's burden. You know Charley is never quick at figures, and now is more than usually troubled to keep along with his class because he has been absent a week on account of illness, and is still weak from the effects of it. His lessons are in reality a great burden to him now; you are four years older than he is, and might be of great use to him if you would. I have a motto for you to learn, which, if practised every day by each one, would make this world a much happier one than it now is."

"What is it, mother?"

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of love."

"One person may feel something to be a burden which another, under different circumstances, would consider trifling. It is our duty to help to bear this burden; however little the assistance may be which we render, it is something; it raises the weight a little, and we help in a small degree to bear the burden. A kind word, or even a smile sometimes, is worth something to those who have trials of which we know nothing; yet we do know that our kindness is needed everywhere, by everybody."

"But, mother, you do not think a little girl twelve years old can be so good as that, do you?"

"She can try to be so good, and God is pleased with every little child who tries hard to be good, and helps her in trying. When He sees a little girl trying to bear a brother's heavy arithmetic lesson, or any other load a brother or sister or anybody has to bear, He stoops down and helps her by putting new strength and love into her mind and heart."

PAST AND PRESENT.

A LESSON FOR THE TIMES.

THE history of English Presbyterianism, now the same as Unitarianism, during the last two centuries, shows that it had very little influence with the less educated mass of the people. It was all that time silently introducing more rational views of theology among the educated; but such was the ignorance of the millions, and such the consequent power of the clergy, that our arguments were unlistened to, and our opinions unknown among the lower classes. While that was the case our body was always lessening in number. But with the spread of education among the poor at the end of the last century our position became changed, and with that our duties have changed. There is now nearly one-half of the population of this kingdom belonging to no one of the existing churches. They have been educated and taught to think, and they have rejected the popular theology as contrary to reason and good sense. These people are perfectly impartial in their judgment between the various religions that may be put before them. They are open to persuasion, and it has become our duty to offer to them our views, which we have many reasons for thinking that they would accept if properly explained to them. It is only during the last quarter of a century that this path has been open to us; and therefore it is not remarkable that as yet we have not learned what we have to do. We have, however, already got a Unitarian Home Missionary Board educating young men expressly as missionaries, and also Unitarian papers at a low price. These efforts, trifling as they are, are already producing good effects, and should encourage us to greater efforts. We are no longer a body of wholly wealthy congregations. We are beginning to be relieved of the disgrace of having no poor among us. It used to be remarked against us that there were no poor Unitarians, which was a clear proof that it was not true Christianity. Our answer then was that it was not our fault that the weight of social influence was exerted successfully to keep the poor away from us, and that therefore it was no just argument against us. But the case is now changed; and the duty

falls upon us of showing that ours is a religion for all, for poor as well as for rich, for the less educated as well as for the learned, for cottage congregations as well as for those who meet in well-built chapels.

We have unfortunately still some amongst us who prefer our old position, who please themselves with thinking that the Unitarians are a highly respectable body, who think that humble congregations do us no credit, who wish to keep an exclusive spirit, and who call small congregations failures. We have also others who would not venture to proclaim opinions so directly opposed to the spirit of the New Testament, who yet act as if they held such opinions. Such persons think more of winning to their chapel one rich man from the Established Church than of ten humbler worshippers gained who have belonged to no church. But we look forward with hope, and trust that better days are coming upon us. We hope that it will soon be shown that Unitarianism is as much a religion for the poor as for the rich. We must aim at having our full proportion of humble congregations among us, and let us particularly avoid the fault so well reproved by Mr. Spurgeon, who on one occasion said to his people, "Now, whatever we do, do not let us be respectable."

NOTHING IS LOST.

THROUGHOUT the wide domain of the natural world nothing valuable is lost; not a drop of water, not a grain of sand, not a spear of grass is destroyed. Everything is seen to be undergoing change, but there is no loss of the elements that go to make up their substance. Dissolving materials appear again in new combinations, and separated particles reappear in new forms of utility and beauty.

The same is true of things in the moral and spiritual world. No good word that we speak, no good deed that we do, no good influence that we exert is ever lost. The humblest effort in the cause of Christ cannot fail of accomplishing its object; it is a seed sown pregnant with immortal fruit. The seed may not take root and grow in the heart of the wilfully perverse and wicked man; still it cannot be lost; it will do good to some one; it will germinate somewhere and grow into a garland to cheer others by its fragrance, or adorn the brow of the faithful labourer in the Redeemer's cause.

He who watches over the changing elements of senseless matter so that not one particle is ever lost, or comes short of its destination, will not permit the good influences which men exert to fail in the fulfilment of their mission.

When the blood of the Christian martyrs was poured out upon the sands of Rome, their persecutors imagined that they had made an end of them and their doctrines. But that blood washed into the Tiber was carried by its waters into the sea, and by the sea into the ocean, and by its waves to every kingdom of the earth; and thus became a type not only of the spreading doctrines of Christianity, but of the augmented and widely diffused influence of those devoted Christian men.

John Wycliffe, who has been called the "Morning Star of the Reformation," died in the year 1384, and it seemed as if the truths he had proclaimed perished with him. Forty-four years afterwards the Council of Constance ordered his bones to be dug up and burned. There was not much left of the poor man in the little churchyard at Lutterworth; but the Bishop of Lincoln sent his officers to disinter him. To the sacred spot they went, took what little they could find of the buried man, burnt it to ashes, and cast it into the Swift, a little brook that ran hard by; and they thought that they had made an end both of his bones and his doctrines. But how did it turn out? Did they annihilate either his remains or the truths he had so nobly advocated? No, the historian says. The brook took them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of the sainted Wycliffe are the emblems of his doctrines now dispersed all over the world.

In this subject there is encouragement for all who are at work in the cause of human amelioration. Labour on, lovers and friends of humanity; no effort of yours can be lost; work faithfully and persistently, and be assured that profitless as may seem efforts now made for the welfare of mankind, the good fruits of your labours will eventually come forth. Be true to your holy mission, and God will prosper your well-meant endeavours, and cause them to ultimate in glorious results.

THE LOST DINNER.

NEAR the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne there was a man who went by the name of Patient Joe. He worked in a coal mine. He was called Patient Joe, because if grief came to him he would say, "It's all for the best; those who love God shall find that all things work together for good."

If things went well with him, Joe would praise God; and if things went ill with him he would praise God still, and say, "God knows best what is for my good. We must not judge of things by this life alone; there's a life to come after this; and things that may not seem good for us here may be good for us there."

In the coal pit where Joe worked some of the men would jeer and laugh at him when he said, "It's all for the best." There was a man by the name of Tim who would miss no chance of laughing at Joe.

One day, as Tim and Joe were getting ready to go down into the deep pit, Joe, who had brought his dinner of bacon and bread with him, laid it on the ground for a moment. Before he could take it up a hungry dog seized it, and ran off.

"Ha, ha!" cried Tim: "That's all for the best, is it, man? Now stick to thy creed and say, Yes."

"Well, I do say, 'Yes,'" said Joe; "but as I must eat, it is my duty to try to get back my dinner. If I get it back, it will be all for the best; and if I don't get it back, why, it will be all for the best just the same. God is so great, that he can rule the smallest things as well as the largest."

So Joe ran after the dog, and Tim, with a laugh and an oath, went down into the coal pit. Joe ran a long way, but could not catch the dog. At last, Joe gave up the chase, and came back to the mine, thinking to himself that the men would all have a good laugh at him.

But he found them all pale with alarm and awe. "What a narrow escape you have had, Joe!" said one of them. "The pit has caved in, and poor Tim is killed. If that dog had not ran off with your dinner you would have gone down with him into the pit and been killed too."

Joe took off his hat; and while his breast heaved, and his cheeks grew pale, and the tears came to his eyes, he looked up to heaven, but said not a word.

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Do you believe in the Bible?

WE BELIEVE that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the character of God, and of the duty, interest, and final destination of mankind—

O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

Celestial light it sheds,
To cheer this vale below;
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear;
O, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there!

Do you believe in God?

WE BELIEVE that there is one God, whose nature is Love (revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirit of Grace), who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness.

My Father!—cheering name—
O, may I call thee mine;
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art just, and good, and wise—
O, bend my will to thine!

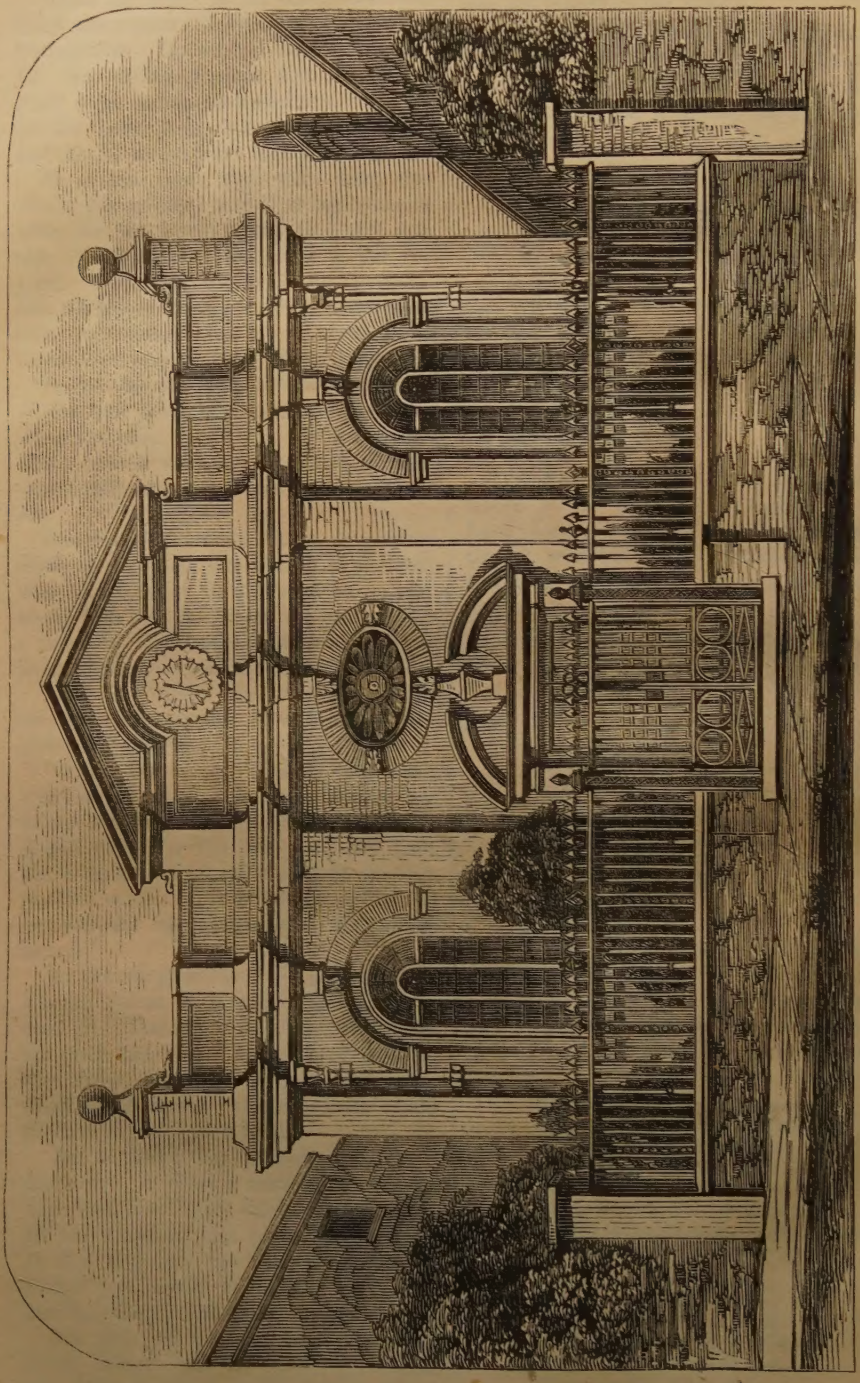
My Father!—blissful name,
Above expression dear—
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear!

What is our duty?

WE BELIEVE that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to be careful to maintain order and practise good works; for these things are good and profitable unto men—

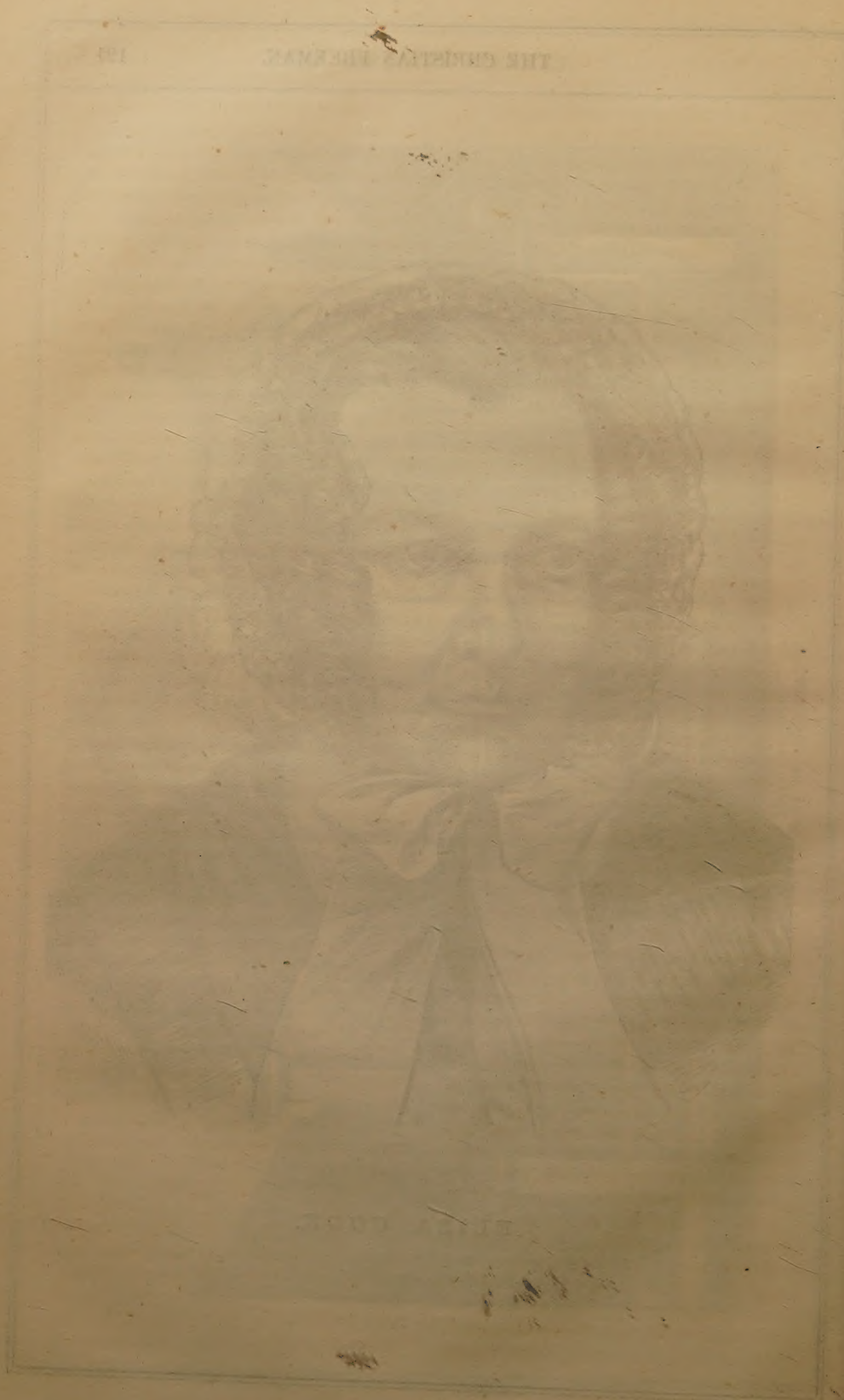
Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness—
Heav'n born art thou, Charity!
Pity reigneth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.

Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still,
Long abiding, all confiding
To thy Heavenly Father's will;
Never weary of well doing,
Never fearful of the end—
Claiming all mankind as brothers
Thou dost all mankind befriend.



BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

ELIZA COOK.



PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL, (UNITARIAN), BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

In the minute-book belonging to this chapel it is recorded that there was a congregation of Protestant Dissenters in this town as early as 1689, of which the Rev. Samuel Bury was the pastor. This society used as a place of meeting a house which they had purchased in Churchgate-street; but this being found "insufficient to accommodate the increased auditory, the present edifice was built by subscription among themselves in 1711, upon the spot where the old Meeting house stood." Two sermons were preached on the occasion by Mr. Bury, which are still in print.* He was assisted for some time by Mr. Savage, his nephew, who died at Edmonton. Mr. Bury continued his pastorship of this society till the year 1722, when he removed to Bristol. His portrait still hangs up in the vestry of the Bury Chapel.

When Mr. Bury left he was succeeded for a short time by the Rev. Robert Wright. After him came, in 1724, a Rev. Thomas Stewart from Dublin, who in the after part of his life was presented with the degree of D.D. by the University of Aberdeen. He died at Bury in 1753, in his 84th year, quite worn out with the infirmities of age. He had been assisted for some time by the Rev. Josiah Follett, as his co-pastor, who is described as having been "a promising young man; but he was removed by a sudden and affecting stroke, 30 Sept., 1756, aged 26 years."

The Rev. William Lincolne succeeded Mr. Follett in 1757 and in 1791, he requested to be provided with an assistant, on account of the infirm state of his health, which request was immediately granted by the appointment of the Rev. Evan Johns early in 1792. Mr. Lincolne died in April that year, and in July following Mr. Johns was chosen sole pastor of the congregation. At Christmas, 1800, he resigned this situation, when the Rev. Nathaniel Philipps, D.D., of Walthamstow, was elected as his successor. His connection with this society continued till Michaelmas, 1803, when he removed to London. He was succeeded in 1804 by the Rev. John Grundy, of Bristol, who in the latter end of 1806 resigned his office. In January, 1807, the Rev. John Rudd, of York, was invited to become his successor; but in consequence of some dissatisfaction having arisen between him and the congregation, he resigned his situation at Midsummer, 1809. The Rev. Thomas Madge, of the York College, was then applied to "to supply the chapel for a few weeks." Complying with this request, Mr. Madge commenced his services on September 17th, and on the 17th of December following he was invited to accept the office of pastor and minister of the chapel. He declined to accept the office of permanent minister, but offered his services as *temporary supply* so long as it might be mutually agreeable, in which office he continued till March 31st, 1811. The next settled minister was the Rev. Wm. Pitt Scargill, of Halifax, who commenced his engagement in the November of the same year, which he continued to fill till July, 1832. The Rev. Robert Mortimer Montgomery was invited to succeed him, who entered upon his duties as minister on September 30th in the same year, which he concluded March 14th, 1836. An invitation was then sent to the Rev. Henry Knott, of Birmingham, who commenced his engagement with the congregation, September 11th, 1836, the duties of which he continued to fulfil till February, 1853, when he removed to Ipswich. He was succeeded by the Rev. Joseph A. Newell, of Downpatrick. The present pastor is the Rev. Hugh Hutton, M.A, who had been for twenty-nine years minister of the old Meeting-house, Birmingham. He entered on his present duties at Christmas, 1862.

*It is stated in "Tymms's Handbook of Bury St. Edmunds" that "Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was an attendant on the ministry of Mr. Bury during his residence in Bury."

ELIZA COOK.

The name of Eliza Cook is heartily honoured in tens of thousands of our homes. An evening is scarcely ever spent, where music is introduced, without some pretty and touching song of the affections of this poetess being sung. How rightly we celebrate the names of those who have lighted up the countenance with a glow of pleasurable feeling, and have added a stock of sweetness to our social life. She was born in 1818, in Walworth, London, in the midst of a population more calculated to stir up sympathy than to fire the breast with poetic fire. But poets are

born, and the food on which they strengthen and develop their powers may be found everywhere. She is pre-eminently the poet of home life, and at first won her way without a friend. She has the honour of occupying a high position in the affections of the people purely through the sweetness and beauty of her composition, and the happy geniality and breadth of her writings. Eliza Cook is another illustration of what may be effected with few educational advantages, where the strong passion for a certain course of life exists, with a fitness of nature for that pursuit. She says, "the advantages of an enlightened, nay, even of a common education, were denied me. I was left on the fresh and boundless common of nature to pick up a mouthful of truth wherever I could; the woods and forests became my tutors, the rippling stream and bulrush whispered to me in sweet and gentle breathings; the silver stars and the measureless night sky, and the bright flowers in my morning path awoke my wonder and opened the portals that led to the high and mysterious temple of thought." There is sufficient, we should think, in the foregoing facts to make mankind cautious in estimating the power or success of any life from so absurd a data as the name of the school or college where its footsteps were first trained.

She has been in the school of a sorrowful discipline, we learn from more than one of her poems, which has taught her the real value of the first prayer of childhood by a mother. We subjoin a few of her lines:—

Let the scholar and divine
Tell us how to pray aright;
Let the truths of Gospel shine
With their precious hallowed light;
But the prayer a mother taught
Is to me a matchless one:
Eloquent and spirit fraught
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

Though not fairly understood,
Still those words at evening hour,
Implied some Being great and good,
Of mercy, majesty, and power.
Bending low on infant knee,
And gazing on the setting sun,
I thought that orb His throne must be,
To whom I said—"Thy will be done."

I have searched the sacred page,
I have heard the godly speech;
But the love of saint or sage
Nothing holier can teach.
Pain has wrung my spirit sore,
And my soul the triumph won;
When the conquest that I bore,
Only breathed—"Thy will be done."

They have served in pressing need,
Have nerved my heart in every task,
And howsoe'er my heart may bleed,
No other balm of prayer I ask;
When my whitened lips declare
Life's last sands have almost run,
May the dying breath they bear,
Murmur forth—"Thy will be done."

FAMILY PRAYER.

It is admitted, I believe, to be the will of God that we should consult Him *socially*—The Lord's Prayer was constructed for *social use*. The disciples were directed to use it when they should pray together; and it is accordingly in the *plural* number. Now is God to be socially worshipped, and yet not worshipped in that first, most permanent, and most interesting form of society, the form of society instituted by God Himself—the family? Is that to be believed? But the Lord's prayer seems not only intended for social but for *daily* use. "Give us this day our daily bread" is one of the petitions. It does not contemplate the morrow. It asks supplies but for one day. Now if, as it appears from this reasoning, social prayer should be *daily*, where but in the family, the society which is abiding, and which a single roof covers, can it with propriety be daily? Should there be public religious services daily, or daily prayer meetings for this purpose? Then, how suitable is it that those who together share their daily bread should together daily ask it. How reasonable and comely is household religion—family worship! Common blessings, such as families daily share, call for common thanksgiving. Common wants such as families together feel, call for common supplications. Is it not fit that families in retiring to rest at night should together commit themselves to the divine keeping, and in the morning unite in praising the Lord for having been their protector? It is a clear case, it seems to me. Besides, fathers are directed to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." But can they do this while they pray not with them and for them? I do not know how we are to comply with the apostolical exhortation to pray "everywhere," unless we pray in the family as well as under other circumstances.

HAS MAN NO SOUL?

[A SCIENTIFIC man boasted that anatomy gave him no trace of an immortal soul. He professed to have put man in his alembic, and to have discovered the basis of life. He concluded there was no God but nature, and that man had no other soul than that of the brute creation.]

Anatomist! O tell me what is life—
A microscopic nervous thread—
That thou should'st probe, and search, with sharpened knife
The rotting bodies of the dead?

The man of science boldly cut in twain
The nerves minute, his senses scan
Amid the convolutions of the brain
To find th'immortal soul of man.

He cut each fibrous cord and nervous cell,
To find the latent springs of life;
"O tell, immortal soul, where thou dost dwell:
Divulge the secret to my knife."

He thought that man's immortal mind
Was there embedded, like a pearl;
Or thread minute the microscope might find,
Which he could excise and unfurl.

Perhaps he thought a vapour might arise,
Released from cells in death's control,
Which, as it mounted upwards to the skies,
Would cast a shadow of the soul.

Because he sought, and could not find, he said
That "matter is the base of life,"
And man's immortal soul is but a thread,
Which he can sever with his knife.

As well unfold an ancient written scroll,
To find the hand which held the pen,
As try to find enshrined the deathless soul
Amid the bodies of dead men.

Who would search an empty palace, when
Its pillars crumble to decay,
To find its last indwelling king of men,
Who now is exiled far away?

Has man no soul—no other God than self?
Is this to be our nation's creed?
If I believe that matter made itself
I must be credulous indeed.

I'm one of those most strange old-fashioned people,
Who still believe there is a Being,
That God, to whom our fathers raised that steeple,
Which towers above our village green.

In nature's varied laws I still can trace
My God's almighty skill and force,
Which keeps the sun in its appointed place,
And whirls the planets in their course.

Let science drape the lovely world with crape,
And fill awhile the church with gloom,
Our minds assert that man is more than ape,
And there is life beyond the tomb.

H. Y. J. T.

IN MEMORIAM.

A BEREAVED father wrote on the tombstone of his child:—

"Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which when alive did being give
To as much virtue as could live."

A few days ago I saw all that was mortal of a valuable friend and good man lowered into the dark grave, and the above lines once more recurred to my mind. He was from his infancy trained to Unitarian thought and life, so that his goodness was not some foreign element of the popular religion that clung to him after he had left its pale, but the natural outgrowth of his own faith in God and man. I never saw my friend without enjoyment, never mingled in his company without instruction, and ever felt a pleasure in his manly presence. His face, so open and so honest, was the mirror of his soul. He was incapable of betraying a friend or of doing an injury to an enemy. Nature seemed to have inscribed upon his mortal flesh the evidence of his faithfulness and purity. It was delightful to observe how much the tone of his voice and his presence could hush suspicion and disarm rudeness. He was of that class of men who never make any eloquent speech or perform any striking or brilliant action, and yet these men are the strength and honour of our church,—the fabric of our civilisation, the peace and love and purity of our homes and nation are built up out of their moral qualities. They are learned without display, and loving without affectation. There was in the life of my departed friend a fine, a delicate sense of honour that could feel the sting of reproach that fell on any brother, and all the pain of another's wounded feelings. This is the high end, the summit of moral training, the honour with which we ought to honour one another. There was that proper blending of manly qualities of heart and soul, of intellect and affection, of conscience and devotion, which secured true religious results. He fell, I may say, at the same time with Tayler and Aspland—went to heaven in the same chariot. He admired the gentle, loving life of Tayler, and the manly outspoken Unitarianism of Aspland. He had an ardent love of our denomination, and a just appreciation of its important work.

Above all earthly things he was interested in the success of our cause. His hand was willingly stretched out to welcome strangers into his church, and to speak a faithful word, to the doubtful or wavering he was always ready. His fellow worshippers feel that a beam of light has been diverted from their assembly. His piety kept tenor with his whole conduct, simple and natural his worship, better known to God than to his neighbours. His religion was not of fits and starts, but even, genial, and pleasant. Neither was he saddened with the knowledge that he must soon leave us and his wife and family, but moved to do his utmost in a patient, quiet way for those that had the largest demands upon his time. Night after night his lamp was trimmed to illumine his own household, and his treasured knowledge poured out to bless his children and direct them when he might be taken away. He had all those social qualities which fill the sweetest word of our language, and the heavenliest place on earth with light and sanctity—that is HOME.

"His charity like light,
Spread smilingly afar;
As stars approached become more bright,
So home was his chief star."

Thither every man should carry the best results of his manifold nature and experience, to enrich and sweeten his own hive. So did our departed brother. He was not unwilling to entertain and instruct the world, yet constantly and tenderly at night he found his own fireside the loved and honoured arena of his endeavours. Affection, then, its petal opened wide, and shed its richest fragrance on his natural care. It is more than a momentary darkness that falls upon the home bereft of such light, and the heart deprived of such friendship. For he was not only a man of attainments, which enlisted attention while he conversed of the mighty sweep and order of the solar system—the phenomena of worlds—or the discourse he was able to impart on the little things of nature in which he took so much delight during the last few years; but so simple and pure minded, so gentle and willing to do good, so unobtrusive and peaceful, so happy in the happiness and the honour of others. Mixed with such harmony, and blended with such sweetness, were the various traits of his character, that I have felt the very rythm of his life attune some discord in my own. "We cannot tell what argument, his life to another's faith hath lent." His high sense of truth and justice, his invariable kindness and singleness of aim, his sweetness of deportment, and his sensitive nature, all kept order with each other, and together accorded well in this Christian gentleman and scholar. How much we hope in the death, as well as learn in the life, of such a man! I can believe in the cessation of mere animal existence when it has run its round of short-lived pleasure, and exhausted the little stock of mere sensual enjoyments. But when I contemplate the mind of my friend that could traverse illimitable space, and find endless variety and copiousness of high pursuit for ever in this unbounded universe—this, then, may be but the edge of the infinite ocean of the philosopher and the Christian, the starting point of a never-ending career. There is this grand possibility among the works of God, and the inmost consciousness of universal man testifies to this innocent and ennobling desire. The capacities of the soul for an ever onward march may be set against the grand possibilities of eternity and infinity. Here is mind and moral feelings born into time and space, which just acquire enough to know their ignorance and imperfection. Here is the title page and the introductory line of a marvellous volume, and shall we say the just and merciful God intends no more but to plague us with those glimmerings, and those hopes? God and nature do not deceive. This heaven-born light which starts its course of inquiry, and this heaven-born sympathy which begins an era of friendship and noble life, and yearns to take into its life the interests of others, and crosses the threshold of oceans and of worlds, and feels its wings but fledged for higher and for broader flights, is surely not to be crushed to nothingness and stamped out for ever. Intellect that soars to know, and love that feels to bless, and conscience longing after higher rectitude, and reverence aspiring after purer worship, we do believe shall have a longer day.

Farewell, good friend—for a moment, adieu—thou hast entered a world transcending this in privilege and bliss, and all thy virtues we now celebrate have become thy vantage ground for everlasting growth in goodness and knowledge.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"Provoke not your children to anger lest they be discouraged."

"COME and play marbles with me," said Mary's little brother, as she came running into the house from one of the finest public schools in the city.

"Oh! you're a nice boy! you'd better marble to bed, if you cannot talk better than that. Haven't you got common sense? Does your mother think you have?"

I looked up at my little daughter with the utmost astonishment, and bade her go to her own room, for never before had I ever heard her speak in that manner to any one. After pacifying the little grieved boy who had been patiently waiting her return, I went to her room, and found my little girl in a very unhappy frame of mind.

"I didn't mean to speak cross to Willie, mamma; I was going to play with him, but I've failed every day since I was promoted, for this teacher frightens me so I cannot answer when I know my lesson. I am sorry I spoke so to Willie, but she talks so very often. She says she has got a foolish, stupid class, that they have got no sense and no brains; if she could make brains she'd make them some, for they will wear her into her grave, or drive her raving distracted. I never can love her, mamma, as I loved Miss —— and my other teachers; but I never can get out of her room, I know I never can. But do let me go and make friends with Willie, for he is crying."

I was glad to release my pet, for I had no prescription ready for such a sad case. My thoughts went back to the school-days of my father, when a child's mouth was stopped with a wooden gag, a custom no more demoralising in its effect upon a child than this manner of talking to them. From the ward-room we expect to hear ridicule and sarcasm, but I can imagine no case in a school-room where such uncultured and indelicate language should be allowed.

Pupils may be reproved or reprimanded surely, if necessary, but not in rudeness or contumely. Ridicule and derision in camp or court, workshop or school-room, never yet worked out a reform. There is a transcendant power in example which works unconsciously upon the minds of these little ones; and a lady who has not sufficient self-control to refrain from such coarse language to her pupils, knowing as she does that they dare not reply to any accusation, false or true, whether of a thick skull or want of brains, is a more fit servant for a public house than a public school; for such harsh words and angry epithets frustrate scholars and discourage them, if it does not make them angry, and therefore is not favourable to their advancement.

If a class is dull and lacks interest let a teacher ask herself if it is not partly her fault? if she "puts on charity" enough, which "suffereth long and is kind?" Some girls come to our warm comfortable school-room from homes of absolute poverty, from sickness and misfortune, and are tired perhaps with their labours, and feel little like study. Our Saviour said, "The bruised reed ye shall not break, nor smoking flax ye shall not quench."

I hope the time is not far distant when all instruments of torture shall be done away with in our schools, whether in the form of gag or ferrule, or rude sarcastic speeches.

THE REV. MR. WALLACE ON UNITARIANS.—The Rev. Mr. Wallace, of Canal-street Independent Chapel, Perth, in the course of an eloquent and powerful sermon, in which he was pointing out the influence of Christ's humanity on men, said—"You believe in Christ as God, but depend upon it if you do not know Christ the man your other belief goes for nought. No man was ever saved solely by a belief in Christ's divinity. There are thousands of men who live in that belief, but who lead most God-forgotten lives. You speak against Unitarianism. Let it alone. You frown upon the Unitarian. Let him alone; he may be a better man than you. I am no Unitarian, but I believe that thousands of them are going into the Kingdom of God, because they lead nobler lives than some of us do. We speak of Christ's divinity, but let me tell you Christ Himself dwelt very little upon that in his teaching, for He knew that as a man alone He could lead men, and hence He delighted to speak of Himself as man—as the Son of Man." Further on the rev. gentleman also remarked—"You speak of the power of a book. I tell you the power of a book is nothing to the power of a life. There is no influence more God-like, no influence deeper, greater, and mightier than the influence of a true man—of a true man's life. My hearers, Jesus Christ is not as a book, not as a philosophy, not as a theology, not as a man of science in his system of truth; but as a great true, living, loving human soul, with whom we may meet every day and every hour of every day. 'Whom having not seen we love.' Christ draws us to Himself as a man."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

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A DEFINITION.—"The Devil and Satan personify the abstract principle of evil—but we think there are thousands of human beings who are personal Satans—personal devils, as the Scriptures use these terms. We do not deny the personality of the Devil or Satan, but his spirituality and his angelic origin."

THE CITY OF LONDON.—A correspondent of the *Times* visited thirty-nine of the Established churches in the City. In two the congregations were five each; in three others less than ten each; in six others from ten to twenty; in ten others from twenty to forty; in the remainder from forty to ninety. In only one church he found a congregation of 100.

ROMAN CATHOLICS DECREASING.—At the beginning of this century there were 30 per cent. of the people of Great Britain and Ireland Roman Catholics; at the present time there are only 17 per cent. There are only two thousand five hundred and fifty Catholic churches in the United States, while the Methodists have nineteen thousand eight hundred and eighty-three churches.

PROGRESS ABROAD.—A few years since Christians were much persecuted in Madagascar and many were put to death, but now a better state of affairs prevails. A new queen was recently crowned, who had a Bible by her side, and on the canopy over her throne was inscribed in gilt letters, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." In her coronation speech the new queen said, "As to praying, there is neither compulsion nor preventing, for God made you."

THE HONEST IRISH BOY.—There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" "I cannot, sir." "Why?" said the master. "Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this, the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; but that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke.

SAD INFLUENCE OF BELIEF IN THE DEVIL.—A man, sentenced at Exeter the other day to penal servitude for seven years for arson, made the following extraordinary declaration on being called on to receive judgment: "All I have to say is, I am possessed of the devil, and that is the cause of my committing the crime for which I stand here. I knew I should have to do it three years before it happened. I know also that I have got to commit a murder, and I call on every person present to witness, when at a future day I am brought up for murder, that I gave all the warning that I could. I have only done this now to put over committing murder for a while."

THE CHILD'S GOSPEL.—A very little girl had been early taken to the sanctuary and taught to behave reverently there. She was told that public worship had been appointed by God, and that she must attend seriously to its several parts till she should be able to comprehend them. So she would fix her eyes attentively on the preacher, and listen to all he said, though not able to understand but little. But once a smile of joy was observed to pass over her expressive face. Her eyes grew bright and her red lips parted as if to speak. She had been repaid for her docile listening. In the midst of his discourse the minister had repeated the Saviour's invitation, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." She had learned this passage by heart in her lisping infancy; but now it came to her with a force and beauty unknown before. Hastening home to her mother, who had been detained by indisposition from the public services of the Sabbath, she threw her arms around her neck, exclaiming, with great animation—"O, mother, dear mother, I have heard to-day the child's gospel."

RITUALISM AGHAST.—A chaplain in Madras proposes to cut up the surplices of his choir to make shirts for the school children. Such a man would eat the shew-bread if he were an hungered. No wonder Ritualism is aghast.

JENNY LIND AND THE BIRD.—I remember hearing a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstacy, and quickly, as though she was before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that sent the echoes flying, whereupon Little Birdie took it up and trilled and sang till Jenny in happy delight acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-caroled the great Swedish Nightingale.

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